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121 114 It follows that this is in no sense a complete ethnographic account of even one community of Sarakatsani, let alone a survey of Sarakatsan culture in general. Mme Chatzimichalis has published the first volume of a work which will represent, when it is completed, the fullest possible account of Sarakatsan folklore and material culture. It is a pleasure to acknowledge my debt to her work which goes far beyond the few references noted in this book. Where there appear to be disagreements between us these are generally accounted for by the circumstance that, as a folklorist, Mme Chatzimichalis' object is to describe Sarakatsan life and culture in its most traditional [101] form. My own study, on the other hand, is concerned with only certain aspects of a particular community of Sarakatsani as I discovered it in 1954 and 1955.

128 114 Various incidents in this book describe the illegal acts of some individuals, or the social humiliation of others; and most of the information I received from Sarakatsani was certainly regarded by them as confidential. I have therefore taken what [101] steps I can to cover personal identities. Although I lived among Sarakatsani in a number of villages in Zagori, the greater part of the material used in this study concerns the Sarakatsani who graze the land of one particular village in central Zagori. To this village I have given the fictitious name of Neochori. Similarly I have changed all personal names.

122 It is impossible, unfortunately, to acknowledge all the many instances of help and hospitality I have received at various times. There are original debts of gratitude to Mr. W. A. Camps who persuaded the Ministry of Education to support my research when they had virtually decided otherwise; and to my father who supplemented this grant at times of crisis to make it barely possible to carry out the necessary fieldwork. At an early moment of indecision in Greece I received a letter from Professor E. E. Evans-Pritchard which advised me to join the Sara-128 katsani. In retrospect, I owe much to this. I have to thank Dr. J. G. Peristiany for his constant encouragement, and for many discussions which have radically affected the form of this book particularly in connexion with my analysis of Sarakatsan values. My gratitude is due to Dr. J. M. Beattie and Dr. Rodney Needham who read the manuscript and offered many invaluable criticisms and suggestions. I also wish to thank Sir Maurice

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Bowra, Dr. K. O. L. Burridge, Mr. E. Katsaros, Dr. R. G. Lienhardt, Mr. Zisimos Lorenzatos, and Dr. Philip Sherrard who read and commented on particular chapters. And to the Warden and Fellows of St. Antony's College I express my appreciation for their patient support and encouragement.

It was my misfortune that feelings over the Cyprus issue became particularly embittered shortly after I began my fieldwork, with the result that my relations with the local authorities were always difficult. My movements were restricted and under surveillance. I was seldom able to persuade local officials to provide me with, or to help me obtain, any kind of quantitative or statistical information. Indeed, it is certain that without the generous support of the deputy Prime Minister Mr. Panayiotis Canellopoulos, I would not have been allowed to remain. Within a week of his leaving office I was ordered to remove myself from the area and on this abrupt note my fieldwork ended. If one remembers the unhappy atmosphere which then existed, it would be unreasonable to complain of the reaction of some Greek officials and individuals to my presence and my suspect work. It is with all the more gratitude that I remember the kindness and practical assistance of many Greek friends, which they did not always give without risk. Particularly I wish to mention Mr. Sotiris Dakaris of the Greek Archaeological Service, and his wife. My debt to the Sarakatsani will be obvious from this book; and to none is it greater than to my friend Theodoros Gogolos.

I dedicate this book to my wife, Sheila Campbell, who shared the fieldwork in physical and political conditions which were often unpleasant, and who first won the confidence of a secretive people.

J.K.C.

Kifissia.
May 1962.

During my fieldwork I was visited by the Greek photographer 'Dimitri' and I am grateful for permission to use some of the photographs he took on those occasions. I am similarly grateful to Mr. Roger Vaternelle who prepared the map; and to Professor Bernard Kayser who made it possible for him to do so.

reached to the ground, capes of so coarse a weave and so stiff with rain that they looked as though their incumbents could almost step forth and leave them standing like sentry boxes. I next saw them in March the following year, when I was riding across Greek Macedonia and stayed a night in one of their smoky wigwams. Since then I had seen them again and again, all over northern Greece, in the plains in winter and in the mountains in summer, but always on the skyline or in the middle distance. True nomads, these self-appointed Ishmaels hover on the outskirts of ordinary Greek life as fleetingly as a mirage, only manifesting themselves to ordinary mortals in far-away glimpses. Suddenly, at a ravine's twist far from the scorched lowlands, one comes across their impermanent hamlets of conical huts on high ledges of the Pindus and the Rhodope mountains and in the sierras of Roumeli; and in winter, gazing down from the snows that have banished them, one can discern their clustering huts in the plains, the ascending smoke, and the slowly grazing flocks.

Every spring their beasts and their long caravans of horses, laden with all they possess, can be seen winding up into the thawed mountains, or halted around a sudden village of somber tents, to stream downhill again later to the withered autumnal plains which the rains will soon turn green. One discovers them binding lopped branches and osier twigs into the hemispherical skeletons of the huts which will house them for the season; shelters whose blackened and molting thatch will later mark where they have settled for a few months and vanished from again. Sometimes a far-off barking and the murmur of bells hint at their presence deep in the ilex woods or along a dazzling canyon where nothing stirs except, perhaps, a pair of floating eagles. Besides these rare apparitions, this fugitive community of about eighty thousand souls and of flocks amounting to several million head seems to have the gift of invisibility.

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Unlike the seminomads of Greece — the Koutzovlachs and the Karagounis, who all have mountain villages from which to migrate and to which they return after their half-yearly journeys in search of winter pasture — the Sarakatsáns have nothing more solid than their abodes of wicker and rush. All of them, however, look to some range of mountains, some fold or cordillera where they have grazed their flocks for centuries of summers, as their home. Their lowland pastures are more variable, an uncertain sojourn with few claims on their allegiance. At the turn of the century the Sarakatsáns of northern Greece were the

pondered how I could get into conversation. Soon, with a clap of horny hands, he was summoning the *kafedji* and preparing to depart. The *kafedji* arrived laden with an armload of elaborate gear, and a boy followed leading a horse. The Sarakatsán mounted and laid his crook across his lap. The *kafedji* handed him two six-foot-tall candles, adorned with ribbons and fluttering white satin bows. Then followed all the frivolous-looking white baubles which, as I know to my cost, a *koumbaros* — the groomsman, sponsor, or best man — must contribute to the crowning of a groom and his bride at an Orthodox wedding. There were smaller candles, lengths of cloth in brown paper, parcels of sweets, and finally, the box containing the tinsel wedding crowns themselves. Suddenly my luck changed; as he moved off, a muslin bag of sugared almonds slipped and fell into the dust. I dived for it, ran after him, and, my luck still holding, remembered as I handed it over to utter the ritual phrase of a wedding guest to a *koumbaros*: "*Axioi tou misthou sou!*" ("May they be worthy of your hire!") He reined in, and placing his right hand over his heart, bowed his head in a ceremonious gesture of thanks. Then, after an up-and-down glance and a pause, he asked, in a queer rustic accent, what place I was from. When I had told him, I asked him where the wedding was to be. "Tomorrow at Sikarayia," he said, "two hours from here." After another pause, he said, "Honor us by coming." He repeated his graceful bow, and bristling with his crook and his candles and aflutter with satin ribbons, clattered off.

The carriage that bore us along a narrow-gauge track next day seemed as obsolete as an equipage in a museum. It was high and narrow, the coachwork was painted to mimic the graining of yellowwood, and the upholstery was threadbare tasseled velvet. This delightful carriage, fit for two travelers out of Jules Verne, carried us swaying through the Thracian sky at an abnormal height. The gorges and forests of plane trees, the rocky river beds, and even the scrub-mantled mountainsides seemed far below. Every so often we passed solitary police posts and lookout platforms on stilts, each one a pedestal for an armed and helmeted soldier; reminders of the nearness, and of the danger, of the Bulgarian frontier. Asprawl among the trees and bracken, blown there by guerrilla mines, the rusty remains of carriages were gloomy mementos of the civil war. The country shook in the noonday.

A jovial unshaven face appeared outside the moving windows, as though its owner were flying alongside. It was the ticket collector. When he

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114 steel scabbards clinking against their spurs; and then pounded off over the plain toward the hills and the far-sounding goat bells.

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123 When, suddenly, at the heart of a deafening
[361] whirlpool of half-wild dogs, I drew rein at the
[233] camp toward sunset, it turned out to be a *stani* of about fifty huts scattered among the trees around a spring. The whole place was alive with golden evening dust and bleating and barking and bells. The ewes and the she-goats, followed by their shrill young, were being driven with crooks and shouts and ear-sundering whistles and the heckling of dogs into a great semicircular pen of wicker and woven thorns and thatch on a steep slope.
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[234] Once inside, they were herded toward a narrow lych-gate at one end of it, where they were seized by their horns, their tails, or their hind legs, clamped back to front between a shepherd's knees, and milked under protest, a few deft seconds for each captive, into bronze caldrons. Despite my brief acquaintance with Greece, I knew that strange arrivals in country places unloose a friendly hubbub of curiosity and inquisition. Not so here. The aloof drovers doubled the diligence of their tasks; their shouts became louder, the milking
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[241] more urgent. For the first time, I saw these Biblical men at close range; their black cloaks and their hoods gave them the look of Benedictines who had gone native. There were glimpses, too, of the amazing magpie geometry of the women rising from their dim looms and appearing for a moment in the threshold of the smoke-plumed cones. An authoritative old man with a sweeping mustache and an elaborate crook finally silenced the dogs
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[122] and asked me what I wanted. I could understand little of what he said; I had spent the two previous months, my first in Greece, in snowy Mount Athos, trying to convert my imperfect ancient Greek into the rudiments of the modern, and the Sarakatsán dialect was a further barrier. When they had gathered that, in spite of patched breeches and puttees, I was not a soldier — no sword or gun! — in fact, a foreigner from England, alone, and too young and as yet unpredatory-looking to be capable of much harm, their reserve began to thaw.

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123 What was going on? They pointed down at
4 the army glinting across the plain below through
569 its long cocoon of dust, and the blast of a trumpet came softly to our ears. What had all that noise been about, over by the Struma? *Bam-boum-boum? Rat-tat-tat-tat? N'tang n'tang?* I gleaned with surprise from their half-understood questions that they had only the roughest notion of what was afoot. They knew that there had been a *kinema* —

533 tracted patterns of great complexity. Repeated and accelerating trills led on to sustained high notes which left the tune quivering in midair before plummeting an octave to those low and long-drawn initial semibreves. Notes of an icy clarity alternated with notes of a stirring, reedy, and at moments almost rasping hoarseness. Then, after a long breath, they sailed again into limpid and piercing airs of a most touching softness, the same minor phrase recurring with diminishing volume, again and again, until the final high flourishes presaged the protracted bass notes once more, each of them preceded and followed by a lengthening hiatus of silence. One can think of no more apt or more accurate reflection in sound of the mountains and woods and flocks and the nomads' life.

122 Less lulling music cannot be imagined. But, overcome at last by the day's doings, I must have fallen asleep in the middle of it and been covered with a cloak where I lay. I woke up an hour after midnight to find the hut in the dark except for the embers of the fire and empty of all but the lightly snoring patriarch on the other side. Yorgo's hooded departing back was outlined for a moment in the doorway against the stars. There was a murmur of voices in the cold outside as the shepherds, like monks before the night office, assembled for the first milking; this was the equivalent of matins in their pastoral book of hours. Then silence fell, and after a minute or two, a faint stirring of bells and of waking flocks was hushed by the returning currents of sleep.

Now, a little reluctantly, I must call a halt to these postscripts and flashbacks and return to the point where we began to deviate from the main thread of this narrative among the tassels and the buttoned upholstery of the carriage rocking back with us through the Thracian darkness between Sikarayia and Alexandroupolis.

Not many minutes had passed before the guard worked his perilous way along the duckboard outside and climbed in, not to punch our tickets, but for a chat. We were his only passengers. He was a dark, jovial, round-faced refugee from Smyrna.

"Well," he said cheerfully, offering cigarettes, "did you find out where they hide their pots of gold? Any for me? I could do with it, at this job."

We told him about the wedding. As I had already absorbed one or two hazy notions about the possibility of the extremely ancient descent of the Sarakatsáns, I asked him what he thought.

[p.88-A]